THE TROLLING HERO, OR *Rome*'s Knight-Errant.

A HUDIBRASTICK POEM ON THE Young *CHEVALIER*'s Expedition.

I ſing Good Folks—read it—who liſt,
A Trojan *true as ever piſt;*
Who travels, ſpite of Wind and Weather,
From Italy, *the L— knows whither,*
COTTON's Virgil.

By JEMMY BUTLER.

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THE
STROLLING HERO,
OR
ROME's KNIGHT-ERRANT.

ASSIST, O Muſe! the Bard who racks
His Brain to ſing the Feats of *Jacks*;
Whom neither Drubbings in the Field,
Or hempen Halters, when they yield,
Can e'er deter from ſtriving ſtill
To introduce a Prince's Will,
Inſtead of Laws, by which we're rul'd;
As if three Nations could be gull'd,
Their Wealth and Freedom to reſign,
For that ſtale Joke, of Right Divine;

Which they've attempted o'er and o'er,
From Eighty-Eight to Forty-Four.
Nor can their Follies now forget,
Perſiſting ſtill in ſpight of Fate,
In ſpight of Danger and of Shame,
Purſuing yet the deſp'rate Game,
And Truſt, which ſhews their Cauſe is evil,
The *French*, the Pope, and eke the Devil.

But firſt, O Muſe, in Method due,
The Motives to their Madneſs ſhew.
In *France*, one Cardinal being dead,
Another riſes in his ſtead;
Tencin, who, by untoward Hap,
Got from their *Chevalier* a Cap:
For which, tho' ſtrange, 'tis Truth, I ſing,
He'd of that Puppet make a King.
And joins, as ſure as we're alive-a,
His Wits with thoſe of *Aquaviva*,

Another Cardinal and Crony
To that Old Stateſman *Alberoni*.

By their wiſe Councils *Jemmy* led,
Truſts to the Seas his eldeſt Lad;
Th' Offspring of a Laſs from *Poland*,
And Heir apparent unto No-Land.
While *France*, to help out this ſtrange Jeſt,
Equips a mighty Fleet from *Breſt*:
And as before ſhe oft has done
By the Father, now cajoles the Son.
But fair and ſoftly, Muſe of mine,
Hurry not thus the great Deſign;
But ſing the Wiſdom, Skill and Cunning
He ſhew'd when ſet from *Rome* a running:
He ſafely found a Way to dance
To *Florence*, *Genoa*, and *France*.

Old *Aquaviva* laid the Plan,
And firſt the Scene in Fraud began:

A Paſſport he procur'd, they tell ye,
For this young Marquis of *Spinelli*;
Pretending he to *Spain* was going,
With Letters full of what's a doing,
By that great Hero Count *de Gages*,
A General without Men or Wages.
And this ſame Paſſport being got,
To ſteal him out, was the next Plot;
For this, a Hunting was pretended,
And out he goes full well attended,
One Winter-Morning, bleak and early,
Thro' *St. John*'s Gate he ventures fairly.
In his Calaſh the Youth did ride,
His *Mentor* ſitting by his Side,
Who gravely gave him good Advice,
When ſkipping from him in a Trice,
He vow'd he would purſue his Courſe
Alone, upon his manag'd Horſe.
Which for that purpoſe, with his Groom,
Waited a Mile or two from *Rome*.

At this the Sage began to chide,
And all his Skill in talking try'd:
In *Engliſh* now, then in *Italian*,
He ſooth'd and rated the Rapſcallion:
Told him of Roads and Weather bad,
And how he'd fright his tender Dad.
But all his Preaching, all his Whining,
Ne'er brought the Youngſter to repining;
And therefore, feigning Grief and Sorrow,
He bid the raſh Young Man Good-morrow.
Our Hero then, in his own Train-o,
Gallops full Speed as to *Albano:*
His Governor to help the Farce on,
As vex'd at being turn'd an A—ſe on,
Drives on his Chaiſe, and growl'd and grumbled,
Till in a Ditch the Horſes tumbled.
By this Contrivance Politick,
He ſerv'd his Lacqueys all a Trick;

Who ſadly vex'd at this Miſchance,
In Haſte to help the Sage, advance:
And quite ta'en up with this Diſaſter,
Thought now no more of their Young Maſter.

While he, when once got out of Sight,
Put on another Figure quite:
Pull'd off his Wig, and eke his Hat,
For a black Stock chang'd his Cravat;
A Courier's Cap, ſo large and full,
It hid his Face, as well as Skull,
Was next put on, and his *French* Guide
Was with a like Diſguiſe ſupply'd;
While t'other Servant onwards rid
To tell a Lye, as he was bid,
Unto the Youngſter's younger Brother,
Which might th' important Journey ſmother,
And make the Boy believe his Jade
His H———ſs on the Ground had laid.

So that with Bruiſes, Fright and Pain-o,
He lay a Cripple at *Albano*.
This News thus told, the Youngſter griev'd,
And firmly as his Creed believ'd:
Told it the noble Duke his Friend,
And thereby ſerv'd another End;
As if you will but patient be,
In proper time you ſoon ſhall ſee.

But in the midſt of all this Woe,
He never let his Daddy know
The truth of this ſame Story fairly,
Or what was happen'd unto *Charley*,
For fear the Tale ſhould make him weep,
Or break for once his——ſleep.
Was not his Caution quite a Beauty;
How well did he, in this, his Duty?
Tho' all the while 'twas but a Sham,
And what he knew was all a Flam.

Mark, Reader, the *Italian* Skill,
To tell, and keep a *Secret* ſtill:
But mark with care how this is done,
Another tell, but keep your *own*.
If then the Man you truſt is tight,
The ſeeming Secret 'ſcapes the Light;
If not, 'tis true, abroad 'tis blown;
But what?—his Secret—not your own.
How wond'rous arch is this Contrivance,
Be ſure *Italian* Sparks——are ſly ones.

But, Reader, mark in this another,
And ſhrewder, Stroke——don't truſt your Brother.
My Brother!——what ſhould I be 'fraid of?
None knows what Fleſh another's made of.
This is the Reas'ning, Sir, at *Rome*;
And, Sir, 'tis Reaſon here at home:
You ſee what in this Caſe he did;
Well, next, I'll tell you where he rid,

At

At leaſt, if *Pegaſus* can trot
As faſt as he——aways He's got.
My Muſe has ſcarce his Horſe in view,
Henceforth ſhall my Remarks be few;
For better far my Reaſons fail,
Than that I baulk you——of the Tale.

The Lye thus forg'd, the Servant gone,
Our Errant-Knight and Squire alone;
Backward again they take their way,
And thro' *Freſcati*'s Road they ſtray;
Then round the ſpacious Walls they come,
And having made the Tour of *Rome*,
To *Aquaviva*'s Villa ſtroll-a,
Yclept, as I'm told, *Caprarola*.
The Hour might then be, as I ween,
In *Italy* about Nineteen.
Nineteen, cry you, what Hour is that?
Why, patience, Friend, I'll tell you what:

Tho' ſtrange!—Your Queſtion's anſwer'd ſoon,
Their Nineteen was about our Noon.

His Servant here put on the Air
Of Maſter, nay, 'twould make one ſwear,
Of Captain too, while our fine Youth
Look'd like a Poſt-Boy, in plain Truth.
The Cardinal (that's by the by)
Gloſs'd all by this ſame ſpecious Lye:
This Gentleman, ſaid he, comes Poſt,
Nor muſt a Minute's time be loſt;
Out with the Horſes, mount his Boy,
Make haſte my Lads, like Light'ning fly.
His Grooms obey, the Horſes brought,
They mount, and vaniſh quick as Thought.
But not ſo faſt my Muſe can run,
For firſt, ſome Bus'neſs muſt be done;
And I muſt tell you how the Prieſt
Contriv'd to carry on the Jeſt.

To Foreign Miniſters he went,
And many Compliments he ſpent,
To ſhew how kind 'twould be to grant
What his Young Kinſman happ'd to want;
A Paſſport might his Paſſage gain
Thro' *Tuſcany* in way to *Spain.*
Who could deny a Noble Youth,
Or who ſuſpect a Prelate's Truth?
The Paſſport, which was all he wanted,
No ſooner aſk'd for, than 'twas granted,
Lay ready for our wand'ring Squire,
And with it lay his new Attire:
A Furred Coat, and a Silver Plate,
Which to the Function did relate,
Of *Spaniſh* Courier on he drew,
His Servant was to outward View,
The Marquis in the Paſſport nam'd,
Nor could this Caution well be blam'd;

For if Suſpicion once aroſe,
The World that's govern'd moſt by clothes,
Had ſtopp'd the Marquis, ten to one,
And let the *Spaniſh* Poſt ride on.

Thus when in Times of Joy and Peace,
A Man would deep reſpect encreaſe;
He aims (with Juſtice) to he thought
Of Conſequence by gilded Coat.
But when, or War, or Dangers nigh,
And low'ring Clouds deform the Sky,
Then to be ſafe, his only Care,
Content to move with humbler Air,
He quits Attendance, Pomp and Show,
And owns they're happieſt——who're low.

Now let's our Flutt'ring Pair rejoin,
Who in their Rambles never dine,
Or ſleep, or think of Snow or Wet,
Till to ſome friendly Place they get.

O'er Plains they paſs, o'er Hills they climb,
Diſpatch much Ground in little Time;
Nor e'er draw Bit in Night or Day,
Till they took *Maſſa* in their Way.
There Eating, Drinking, and a Bed,
Came firſt in our Knight-Errant's Head.
Who, ere he took them, judg'd it better,
To ſcrawl his Daddy oût a Letter.
He did——His Father thanks him for't;
Tho' ſadly written, dark, and ſhort.

Here, Reader, let me beg you note,
What 'ſcapes the Croud who read by Rote,
That what we often Courage name,
Is really either Fear, or Shame.
The Man who from a Danger flies,
Is from his Paſſion far leſs Wiſe;
So ſees not in his haſty Flight,
New Dangers that would elſe affright;

And gains thereby, before aware,
The Stile of Hero from his Fear.

From *Maſſa* he purſues his Courſe,
Freſh-mounted on a *Spaniſh* Horſe,
To *Genoa*; there firſt, it's ſaid,
He ſtript and fairly jump'd to-bed.
You'll ſay, before I told you this,
(But you conceive my Words amiſs:)
At *Maſſa* he was much inclin'd
To ſleep, and Beds ran in his Mind;
But here he really went to-bed,
And reſted well his roving Head.
For twelve Hours ſnor'd it on a ſtretch,
O what a Nap was there to fetch!
No Dreams could interrupt his Reſt,
He thought not of the Fleet at *Breſt*;
But did his harraſs'd Senſes ſteep,
Like wearied Peaſants into Sleep;

Then

That clean'd and ſcour'd by this Receſs,
He might again his Journey preſs.

As here, ſome Reſpite from his Pain,
Our Wanderer ſought awhile to gain,
He found his Retinue come in,
That follow'd him thro' thick and thin,
And eke a Guide that waited for him,
The Cardinal diſpatch'd before him:
And thus befriended he began
To ſlight the mighty Riſques he ran.
So Rode with Courage ſtout alone-a
Towards the fam'd Port of fair *Savona*.
For all in wond'rous Haſte was he
Quite Cock-a-hoop to view the Sea.

So Cockney, when from *Friday-Street*,
His formal Father thinks it meet,
To *Hackney*, *Iſlington*, or *Bow*,
On *Sunday* Pilgrimage to go:

The Boy in Raptures runs before,
Till Legs quite tired, and Soles full ſore;
He creeps like Beetle croſs the Room,
And ſadly wants to be at Home;
Repents that ſuch a Jaunt he try'd,
And vows no more he'll quit *Cheapſide*.

But ſcarce had he ſurvey'd the Shore,
And caſt an Eye th' Ocean o'er,
Than Storms and Tempeſts, Wind and Rain,
Began to thunder on the Main.
The Sea provok'd at ſuch a Trick
Grew quickly of ſuch Uſage ſick,
And heav'd and ſwell'd, and toſs'd about,
As if ſhe'd thrown her Bowels out:
While to this Motion of the Deep
The hollow Rocks juſt meaſure keep;
And, as they laſh the rugged Shore,
Returns their Murmurs o'er and o'er:

he diſtant Hills repeat their Voice,
nd all was Diſcord, Strife and Noiſe.

Three Days and Nights theſe Tumults held
efore the Sea the Cauſe expell'd;
nd having got her Cholick o'er,
rew calm and quiet as before;
er Wrinkles ſmooth'd, and ſpread her Breaſt,
nd ſeem'd diſpos'd to take her Reſt.
his Time he took for ſoft Repoſe,
nd that he might his Thoughts compoſe,
evolved often in his Mind
he Fortune he was bent to find,
orming fine Schemes of future Battles,
s Children dream of Toys and Rattles.

Theſe Whims thus ſwimming in his Head,
Our Hero went one Night to Bed;
But ſuffer'd there with cruel Pain,
Strange Scenes diſturb'd his working Brain,

Spoil'd his Repoſe, made Nature ſtart,
And fill'd with Fear his flutt'ring Heart,
His Skin was ſpread with pearly Dew,
His Spirits to his Heart withdrew;
Quick with convulſive Twitch he ſprung,
And falt'ring Sounds eſcape his Tongue.
His Friend from *Genoa* ſurpriz'd,
And ſcarce of his true State appriz'd,
Began aloud for Help to ſcream,
Which wak'd the Youngſter from his Dream.
My Friend, ſaid he, no more exclaim,
But ceaſe your Noiſe, and ſave my Fame;
A Dream, a frightful Dream, begat
This Tremor and this chilly Sweat,
This painful Beating in my Breaſt,
And Terror by my Looks expreſt.
Scarce am I yet convinc'd, that I
Secure, and at *Savona* lie;
But fancy that I ſtill behold
A Fleet, that dreadful Flames enfold;

A City blazing, Floods of Fire,
And Buildings that in Smoke expire.
O what a Sight of Grief and Pain!
Would I were ſafe at *Rome* again.
Yet, quoth the other, let me hear
The Dream, that caus'd this mighty Fear:
'Tis pleaſant, when the Danger's o'er,
To tell what frighted us before.

I dreamt, reply'd the trembling Youth,
So ſtrong, I almoſt think it Truth,
That as my Eyes were clos'd to Reſt,
Some Charm tranſported me to *Breſt*;
And there the Fleet at Anchor lay,
When on a ſudden all the Bay
Reflected Fire, while all the Town
Came burſting into Ruins down;
And then methought, juſt as I woke,
Some Demon thus my Fate beſpoke:

Your Schemes, deſtructive as yon Fire,
In Smoke like it, ſhall ſoon expire.

But leave we now, this troubled Scene,
Aud haſten back to *Rome* again.
The Duke, who at *Ciſterna* thought,
Both Brothers at his Houſe to've caught,
By the Younger's Tears was mov'd to keep
A Secret more than he thought deep,
And join'd to hinder ill News flying,
Againſt his Will, in ſolemn Lying;
And often Letters wrote from Home,
To tell the curious Folks at *Rome*,
How well the Boys employ'd their Time,
With Compliments would ſpoil my Rhyme:
And ſtill to help the Story on,
Sends, daily, Ven'ſon into Town,
In both their Names, and thus deceiv'd,
Bit thoſe who in His Grace believ'd;

Until

Until *Dunbar* diſcloſed the Tale,
And own'd his P—— convey'd the Mail,
Toaſting in Bumpers, full of Joy,
The Health of this ſame Errant Boy.

Such the Affair that fills the News,
Such are th' Adventurer's mighty Views,
Such the Addreſs from whence they clai..,
From Fraud, in *Italy*, ſuch Fame;
And ſuch, unleſs my Muſe is wrong,
Will be the Burthen of the Song:
And all the Credit this Stroke wins,
Will be, in Fire as it begins,
So in the End, the Project broke,
Back muſt he come, half choak'd with Smoke.
While *Norris* in the Channel rides,
And *Matthews* beats both Fleets beſides.

If harſh my Strain, believe it due
To what I ſing——and wiſh it true.

The Story's odd, and then, I pray,
What to my Numbers can you ſay;
Tho' rough and rumbling as a Coach,
They're ſmoother than the Proſe of ——
And I have ſure a Right to blaze it,
Who but tranſverſe the *L——n G——e——te.*

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